But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthened after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law renowmed *W*arwick,
*W*ho cried aloud, *W*hat ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht, then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqaueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
*T*hat ſtabt me in the field by *T*euxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
*W*ith that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
*S*uch hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
*W*hich now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
*F*or Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me,
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and *I* faine would ſleepe.
Brok. *I* will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good reſt,
*S*orrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
*T*hey often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

*I*n Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would ſpeake wite Clarence, and I came hither on (my legs.
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commiſſion talke no more. *He readeth it*
Bro. *I* am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble *D*uke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the *D*uke a ſleepe:
Ile to his *M*aieſtie and certifie his Grace,
*T*hat thus I haue reſignd my place to you.
Exe. *D*o ſo, it is a poynt of Wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2 The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorſe in me.
1 What, art thou afraid?
2 Not to kil him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
*F*or killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, *I* hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1 How doeſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (in me,
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet with-
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2 Zounds he dies, *I* had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2 Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe?

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